

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 104.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

*Two Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Byron, in Answer to his Lordship's Letter to *****, on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope, &c.* By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 8vo. pp. 104. London, 1821.

WHEN we noticed the letter of Lord Byron to Mr. Bowles*, we principally confined ourselves to such parts of it as tended to vindicate the moral character of Pope, from the charges that had been made against him; and we then thought, as we still think, that his lordship vindicated him successfully. There was, however, another subject to which we alluded—the question, whether poetry be more immediately indebted to what is sublime or beautiful in the works of nature, or the works of art?—Mr. Bowles is the great advocate for nature. His lordship, in a succession of very fine passages, shows, that there may be a great deal of poetry in art. In the pamphlet before us, Mr. Bowles briefly dismisses the question of Pope's want of morality, a charge which he founds on the Letters of the poet to Lady Mary, and many of the ladies with whom he corresponded from youth to age, and proceeds to vindicate those principles of poetical criticism which he had termed invariable. It would lead us too far to follow the author through all his arguments in defence of his opinion; we must, however, observe, that he reasons temperately, and often acutely, and that we should love controversy better than we do, if it was always conducted in so gentlemanly a spirit. Mr. Bowles follows Lord Byron through all his arguments, *seriatim*, and combats them with considerable ability. He denies that he said Mr. Campbell's ship (which has been so long engaged in war, that we wonder there is any portion of it left,) derives *all* its poetry from nature, as his lordship states. He then enters into a long discussion, to prove how largely the ship

is indebted to nature: and as this is a point on which we quoted Lord Byron, we shall also detach a few passages from Mr. Bowles's letter:—

‘Mr. Bowles said, and says, “that poetical beauty in a ship *depends* not on art, but nature.” ALL its poetry, he instantly admits, it does not derive from nature; but its poetical beauty *depends* upon nature; for the sails would not swell, the streamers would not flow, the motion would cease—its *LIFE*, which Mr. Campbell speaks of, would be extinct.

‘But you say the poetry of the ship does not *depend* on the waves, &c. I think it does, for this reason,—that all this beauty, motion, and life, would be at once lost and extinct. True, nor can I for a moment think otherwise; thus seen, and thus associated, “the ship confers its own poetry upon the waters, and heightens theirs,” but NOT BEFORE the *elements of nature* have ENABLED IT TO DO SO; and, therefore, its primary poetical beauty *depends* on nature, not art.

‘You say, take away the WINDS and waves, and there will be NO SHIP at all! Then its *very existence depends* on them! And “take away the sun, and you must read Mr. Bowles's pamphlet by candle-light.” Read it how or when you will, the sun will be more poetical than a candle; and the seas, that “speak in the EAST and the WEST AT ONCE,” will not depend on the ship for poetical sublimity, (but the ship will on them,) any more than the sun will *depend* upon Lord BYRON's poetry. And then I ask you, my lord, this question, (begging you to remember my principles only require that the works of nature, which are beautiful and sublime, are *more* poetical, *abstractedly*, than any works of art,)—whether the sun, the waves, and winds are, *per se*, more poetical without the ship, or the ship, *per se*, without the waves, &c. &c.? The poetry, therefore, is not reciprocal; for the ship can give no beauty till the elements of nature, on which its beauty depends, enable it to do so. Then it gives and receives. But, my lord, you must remember, that when I answered Mr. Campbell, (and I do not think either he or your lordship can make my good ship surrender,) he made no distinction at all, but coloured his rich descriptions with all the hues of nature, and then advanced to shew the poetical beauties of ART.

‘But the water is *calm*, and its monotony requires to be broken; and this “*calmness*,” which is one feature of this

mighty element, may be contemplated at Wapping, in the London Dock, Paddington Canal, a horse-pond, or any other vessel!

‘No: for though the water at Wapping, the London Dock, in the Paddington Canal, a HORSE-POND, or any OTHER vessel, be *calm*, it is *not poetical*. But your argument is this. “The sea is calm; the water in a horse-pond, or any other vessel, is calm; therefore the calm water in a horse-pond is as poetical as the sea!” No, my lord: for the sea cannot be made unpoetical, and your great powers cannot make the water in a *horse-pond*, or ANY OTHER VESSEL, poetical: and I will conclude with Cowper's description of the calm sea, whom, however, you call NO POET, and whom I think an original, pathetic, and great poet:—

“Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad,
Much of the *power* and *majesty* of God!
He swatches about the swelling of the deep,
That shines and rests, as infants smile and sleep.

Vast as it is, it answers, as it flows,
The breathings of the lightest air that blows.
Curling and whitening over all the waste,
The rising waves obey the increasing blast.”

‘But we must stop before the storm comes on, for I wish only to show how this “*monotonous*” object can, in its *calmest* state, and without a single ship, or any accompaniments, be rendered *poetical*.

‘In fact, it does not seem to me, that your lordship makes distinction between the SEA in painting, and the SEA in poetry.

“The sun is poetical,” by your lordship's admission; and to *our cost*, you say, by the many descriptions in verse. To which sentence I do *not accede*, as we possibly might have lost *some* of your own most beautiful descriptions. But to follow your argument.

“If the waves bore only foam upon their bosoms; if the winds wasted only sea-weed to the shore; if the sun shone neither upon pyramids, nor fleets, nor fortresses, would its beams be *equally* poetical?” Answer:—

‘The sun would be *equally* poetical, let it shine on what it may. If the waves bore only foam upon their bosoms, the ocean would be *equally* sublime, far from every track of vessel, every intrusion of man.

‘The ocean, I affirm, wants not the accessories of any thing *human* to make it *SUBLIME*, and therefore poetical. It is poetical, though not *equally picturesque*

* See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 98.

or beautiful, with or without them. The ideas it excites of Almighty power, are those of *sublimity*, the highest poetical sublimity, which proudly rejects any associations or accessories of human art, or of human kind, to make it more so. "*The deep uttereth his voice*," is one of the most sublime of the many sublime passages relating to it in the scriptures. We have no occasion to make it *more* poetical, to say, "there go the ships;" but the ship, moving beautiful to the sight, and almost seeming, as it were, a creature of the vast element, and made doubly interesting, as an object of beauty, by those accessories of nature, without which it is nothing; a ship so seen adds to the *picture of poetical beauty*, but *not* to the more awful ideas of *SUBLIMITY*, which are far *more poetical*. In sunshine, in calm, in tempest, by night, by day, in its *deepest solitudes*, it wants nothing of art to make it *sublime*, as speaking every where, "in the east and in the west," in the north and the south, with one everlasting voice, "Infinite and Power." What can be more sublime than this verse of the Psalmist? "If I take the wing of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me."

'To return: "if the waves bore only foam upon their bosoms;"—"if the winds wafted only sea-weed to the shore;"—"if the sun had neither pyramids, nor fleets, nor fortresses, to shine upon; if it shone upon none of the emmetts of earth, man, or his little works; it would be equally a stupendous object, in the visible creation, *per se*, abstractedly, and equally *SUBLIME*; and it would be poetical, equally poetical, whether it shone on pyramids or posts, fortresses or "pigsties," a "brass warming-pan" or a footman's livery," though neither pigsties or posts *could be* sublime or beautiful, with or without it.

'Pyramids, I repeat, are *most poetical* from associations; and fortresses also: but brass warming-pans are images of *in-door* nature, and footmen's liveries are images of "*artificial*" life; and to say, that, because the sun can make one object poetical, it must necessarily make *ANOTHER* so, is not an argument worthy of Lord Byron; and I am afraid we must say of the "sun" shining upon your "warming-pan" and "footman's livery," as of the "hog in a high wind,"

'It grieves me much, replied the clerk again, Who speaks so well, should ever speak in vain."

'But how much genuine poetry is condensed in one line, where a ship is spoken of,—

"SAILING IN SUNSHINE, FAR AWAY!"

'As for the sun on Mr. Campbell's ship, if the ship did not want the sun, to give it a more poetical interest, why did Mr. Campbell think it necessary to introduce the sun [at] all? "But the ship *gives*, as well as it *receives*;" so seen, it gives beauty, animating beauty, to the seas, not to the sun. It gives back, indeed, and amply repays what it receives;

but does a brass warming-pan give back any poetical beauty?

"The sun shines white upon the rocks!"

'The sun shines white upon the warming-pan; and so the sun shines on Dr. Syntax's wig; but try the effect,—

"Pale on the lone tower falls the evening beam."

'Pale on my grey wig falls the evening beam.

Therefore Mr. Campbell introduced the sun needlessly, if it did not make the ship more poetical; but though the ship, (being itself especially so adorned, as if it came and went NATURE's chief favourite and delight among the works of art) gives, as well as it receives, beauty; a footman's livery does not do so, my lord, any more than an old wig, upon which the sun equally shines, as on the Hellespont, or the crest of Hector.'

As the subject has been often discussed, and Mr. Bowles is only contending with a new opponent, and not engaged in a new quarrel, the extract we have made will suffice to show the spirit in which the pamphlet is written. Mr. Bowles pays a due tribute to the genius of Byron, and, in a note, expresses his opinion of the unfairness with which his lordship has lately been treated. He says,—

'An attempt has lately been made to rob your lordship of much of your originality as a poet. I have seen some extracts from a publication of this kind. Some of the examples are like the description of Monmouth. "Why is Macedon like Monmouth? because there is a river in Monmouth, and a river in Macedon." I thought of devoting a few hours in shewing the unfairness of some of these instances; but I know you would say, "What! Bowles, defending me! non defensoribus istis!" The beautiful image of the "ship," in the Corsair,—

"That seems to walk the waves—a thing of life!"

which would not be necessary for your lordship to add, unless an image from nature was *more* beautiful than any you brought in the description of a ship from art: this "living ship," however, has been traced to Wilson, who has also a "living ship of loveliness*." I forget the words;

* The imputed plagiarism to which Mr. Bowles alludes, is in the following passage:—

Lord Byron.

—'Of a ship;

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

John Wilson.

—'Of a ship;

She sailed amid the loveliness
Like a thing of heart and mind."

Now there is quite as good reason for suspecting, that Wilson borrowed this very common image (and we know not one in poetry more common) from Mr. Bowles, as that his lordship borrowed it from Wilson. If, however, these three choose to dispute about it, we will soon bring new combatants into the field.

—REV.

but if the image is to be taken from your lordship *vi et armis*, I may as well make my demand: for, in the poem, which, together with its unfortunate writer, formed part of your Satire, is the following description of "a ship" on her way:—

"The tall ship,

That, like a stately swan, in conscious pride,
Breaks beautiful the rising surge, and throws
The gather'd waves back, and seems to move
A LIVING THING, upon its lucid way,
Streaming in lovely glory to the morn."

'The idea is the same: I objected to the words "lovely glory;" but somebody persuaded me to let them stay. But I do not believe, that either your lordship or Mr. Wilson borrowed from me; albeit, though, to be so told, your lordship might smile.

'I believe no mind, inclined to poetry, ever saw a ship in full sail, but has felt the propriety of the image.'

We now take our leave of the once 'Pope and Bowles', but now 'Byron and Bowles', controversy; and must confess that we prefer the poems of both to their criticism; that they may take the hint, and return to that course from which neither should have deviated, is our parting wish.

On the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature; with Occasional Remarks on the Laws, Customs, Manners, and Opinions of Various Nations. By Charles Bucke, Esq. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1821.

THE writer of this work is already favourably known to the public, as the elegant author of the 'Philosophy of Nature,' 'Amusements in Retirement,' the tragedy of the 'Italians,' &c. His present production embraces a most extensive subject—the whole field of nature, with its relative associations. What has been said of Lord Bacon, might, with great truth, be applied to Mr. Bucke, that 'his feeling for nature was the main side on which his philosophy ran into poetry, and vented itself in a very graceful, as well as grand, enthusiasm, befitting one of the high priests of wisdom.' Indeed, the whole character of Mr. Bucke and his work seem embodied in the precept of the poet:—

'Heav'n study more in nature, than in schools;
Let Nature's image never by thee pass
Like unmark'd Time; but those unthinking fools
Despise, who spy not Godhead through her glass.'

There is an elegant simplicity in Mr. Bucke's style, which harmonizes with the subject, and renders it doubly interesting; he has a fine taste, a well-cultivated understanding, and displays extensive reading; his reflections are those of a moralist and a philoso-

pher. Though many of the scenes described in these volumes were contemplated by the author, yet he modestly conceals himself under the name of Colonna, and in his excursions, is accompanied by friends, who, are shrouded under disguised names, but who, we doubt not, will, on seeing his work, be reminded of many happy hours and pleasing associations. We shall make one or two extracts from the volume before us, but no solitary flower can give a sufficient idea of a garden so extensive and so diversified as this of Mr. Bucke. Our first extract is on the *National Love of Trees*:—

‘So natural is the love for particular trees, that a traveller seldom fails to celebrate those by which his native province is distinguished. Thus the native of Hampshire prides himself upon his oaks; the Burgundian boasts of his vines; and the Herefordshire farmer of his apples. Normandy is proud of her pears, which she fancies equal to those that grew in Camoen’s Island of Venus:—

‘Ah! if ambitious, thou wilt own the care,
To grace the feasts of heroes and the fair;
Soft let the leaves, with grateful umbrage, hide
The green-tinged orange of thy mellow side.

‘Book ix.

‘Provence celebrates her olives, and Dauphiné her mulberries; while the Maltese are in love with their own orange trees. Norway and Sweden celebrate their pines; and Syria her palms, producing a fruit, of which the Syrians make bread, wine, honey, and vinegar; and from its body a species of flax, which they convert into cloth. The Paphians were proud of their myrtles, the Lesbians of their vines; Rhodes loudly proclaimed the superior charms of her rose trees; Media of her citrons; India of her ebony, and Idumea of her balsams. This tree furnished the Judeans with an odoriferous perfume for their banquets of milk and honey; a remedy for many of their disorders; and a preservative wherewith to embalm their dead. Its medicinal qualities are beautifully alluded to by Jeremiah, when bewailing the sins and misfortunes of the Jews. “Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? Why, then, is not the health of the daughters of my people restored?” And again, where, prophesying the overthrow of Pharaoh’s army at the river Euphrates, he says, “go up into Gilead and take balm, oh virgin, the daughter of Egypt: in vain shalt thou use many medicines; thou shalt not be cured.” The Druses boast of their mulberries, and Gaza of her pomegranates;—

“—— whose soft rubies laugh,
Bursting with juice, that Gods might quaff.”

‘*Enchanted Fruit*, l. 240.

‘Switzerland speaks of her lime trees, Bairout of her figs and bananas, and Damascus of her plums.

‘Equally vain are the Chinese of their

celebrated tea tree; the leaves of which were totally unknown to the ancients, and for many years the martyr of prejudice in Europe: yet imported with so much benefit, expense, and profit, as at once to confound the physician and the merchant. But a few years since, and the name of this plant was so unknown in our hemisphere, that a voyage to China would have been esteemed as unproductive as a voyage to the Straits of Magellan: now its virtues engage more of our capital than all other articles of foreign commerce.

‘The inhabitants of Jamaica never cease to praise the beauty of their manchenillas; while those of Tobasco are as vain of their cocoas. The natives of Madeira, whose Spring and Autumn reign together, take pride in their cedars and citrons; those of Antigua in their tamarinds; while they esteem their mammeesappota equal to any oak in Europe, and their mangos superior to any tree in America. Equally partial are the inhabitants of the plains of Tahta to their peculiar species of fan palm; and those of Kous to their odoriferous orchards. The Hispaniolans, with the highest degree of pride, challenge any of the trees of Europe or Asia to equal the height of their cabbage trees; towering to an altitude of two hundred and seventy feet! Even the people of the Bay of Honduras have imagination sufficient to conceive their logwood to be superior to any trees in the world; while the Huron savages inquire of Europeans, whether they have any thing to compare with their immense cedar trees.

‘The natives of India have the greatest respect for the aloe; the heart of which they esteem more valuable than gold itself: the Chinese, the Cochin Chinese, the Japanese, and the Siamese, have an equal value for it. Some of them insist, that the spots where it grows are guarded by inaccessible rocks and wild beasts; while the Mangolians believe, that it was a native of Paradise; and that it was swept over the boundaries of Eden by a flood. Xerxes is said, by some writers, to have made war upon Greece, in order to possess himself of her fig-trees; as one of the Greek emperors invaded Cyprus, that he might be master of a country, producing such excellent vines. The Dutch, on the other hand, are held in the utmost detestation, by the islanders of Molucca, for having rooted up all their clove trees, for the purpose of confining the trade to the island of Ternate.

‘So natural is this love of mankind, that the ancients conceived even their gods to be partial to one tree more than another. For this reason, the statues of Diana, at Ephesus, were made of cedar and ebony; that of Apollo, at Sicyone, of box; while in the temple on Mount Cylene, the image of Mercury was formed of citron; a tree which that deity was supposed to hold in high estimation.

‘England may well take pride in her

oaks! to them is she indebted for her existence as a nation; and were we an idolatrous people, I should be almost tempted to recommend (in imitation of our druidical ancestors), that the oak should be received in the number of our gods. It is a curious circumstance, my Lelius, and not generally known, that most of those oaks, which are called *spontaneous*, are planted by the squirrel. This little animal has performed the most essential service to the English navy. Walking, one day, in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Troy House, in the county of Monmouth, Colonna’s attention was diverted by a squirrel, sitting very composedly upon the ground. He stopped to observe his motions. In a few minutes the squirrel darted like lightning to the top of a tree, beneath which it had been sitting. In an instant it was down with an acorn in its mouth, and began to burrow the earth with its hands. After digging a small hole, it stooped down, and deposited the acorn: then covering it, darted up the tree again. In a moment it was down with another, which it buried in the same manner. This the squirrel continued to do, as long as Colonna thought proper to watch it. The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of security against want in the winter; and as it is probable, that its memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable it to remember the spots, in which it deposits every acorn, the industrious little fellow, no doubt, loses a few every year. These few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree! Thus is Britain, in some measure, indebted to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel,—

“— That leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty,”

for her pride, her glory, and her very existence.

There is a charming article on the music of birds, from which we shall, however, only detach a few passages:—

‘What lover of music, but is charmed with the various modulations of our English singing birds? The sweetness of the throstle; the cheerfulness of the sky-lark; the mellowness of the thrush, building near the mistletoe; the imitative talent of the bull-finch; the varied and familiar language of the red-breast, endeared to us, from our childhood, by so many agreeable associations; the wood-lark, priding herself in being little inferior to the nightingale, and sheltering her home in lair-ground, under large tufts of grass, to shelter her from the cold; the vivacity of the wren, forming her nest with dry leaves and moss, among hedges and shrubs, encircled with ivy; the solemn cry of the owl; and the soft note of the linnet, building upon heaths with roots, and among thorns with moss, and subject to the disorder of melancholy! Not one of these birds breathes a single note, that is not listened to with pleasure:—

"——— Happy commoners
That haunt in woods, in meads, in flowery gar-
dens,
Rifle the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave."

Rowe.

"But what bird, lute, or harp, shall we compare with the notes of the fly-bird of America, or the nightingale of Europe and of Asia?—the favourite bird of Sophocles and Tasso, and the subject of many an Arabic and Persian allegory. Pliny has described the effect of this bird's exquisite note, with appropriate warmth; and Walton, a writer of genuine feeling and simplicity, has celebrated it in the truest measure of applause:—"He, that, at midnight, when the labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have heard, the clear air, the sweet descant, the rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above the earth, and say, "Lord! what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth."

"Kircher, in his *Universal Harmony*, endeavours to reduce the notes of the nightingale to a musical scale. But no instrument can successfully imitate this bird; though the human voice is capable of intonations equally sweet, and equally touching. Signor Guadagni, who enjoyed a considerable share of fame in England about the year 1780, had tones as rich and as mellow as the nightingale. The effect of this singer over the mind, we are told, arose principally from his imitating an Eolian harp. Unlike other singers, who affect a swell, or *Messa-de-voce*, he diminished his notes, dying in soft murmurs from the beginning to the end; and, giving his last whispers all the effect of distance, they seemed to ascend, till the sound was totally lost in the ecstasy of hearing; and though no note was heard, the ear listened, as if it expected a return.—

"Music of Paradise! which still is heard,
When the heart listens."——

Flowers on Graves is another subject on which the author has dwelt historically, and has moralized with much feeling:—

"Perfumes, which administer such pleasure to voluptuaries, were once supposed to be peculiarly grateful to the dying and the dead. A Persian poet has an elegant stanza on the ringlets of his mistress:—"Should the air waft the odour from the hair of my love, the perfume, stealing over my tomb, would recall me to life, and render me vocal in her praise." And because a custom, so amiable and elegant, as that of decorating with flowers the graves of relatives, conduces to the gratification of some of the best feelings of our nature, no apology will be necessary for dwelling upon it at length.

"The Romans of condition were generally buried in their gardens, or fields, near the public road. This custom, Propertius does not seem to have approved;

since he desires his friends by no means to observe it, in regard to himself: lest his shade should be disturbed by the noise of passengers. Ausonius has a similar sentiment. The manner, in which the Romans took leave of their friends, was extremely effecting:—"Vale, vale, vale! nos te ordine quo natura permisit—cuncti sequemur!" Then, wishing the earth to lie lightly on their relics, they departed. The monuments were then decorated with chaplets, and balsams, and garlands of flowers. To this affectionate custom Virgil alludes, when he describes Aeneas sprinkling his father's grave with purple flowers; and, in another passage, where he exclaims:—

"—— Heu miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,

Tu Marcellus eris.—Manibus date ilia plenis;
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.

"This practice has prevailed among many of the most celebrated nations. The Persians adopted it from the Medes, and the Greeks from the Persians; and Pythagoras introduced it into Italy. The tomb of Achilles was decorated with amaranth; and the urn of Philopœmen was covered with chaplets: and, that the grave of Sophocles was embellished with roses and ivy, we learn from an epitaph written by Simonides. Ivy and flowrets, also, were planted near the grave of Anacreon.

"Virgil decorates the body of Pallas with strewed leaves of arbutus and other funeral evergreens. The ceremony of laying the unfortunate youth upon his bier is extremely affecting; and the passage, where he is compared to violets and hyacinths, plucked by the hands of a virgin, highly natural, beautiful, and pathetic.—

"Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem
Seu mollis violæ, seu languentis hyacinthi:
Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma recessit;

Non jam mater alit tellus, viresque ministrat.
Eneid. xi. l. 68.

"To this we may add, that few passages, in that fine poem, abound more in natural pathos, than that, where Andromache is represented, as raising green altars to the memory of Hector:—a passage, reminding us of several in Ossian, where he describes the monuments, which were erected to the heroes of remote ages. "Narrow is thy dwelling-place now! dark is the place of thine abode! with three steps I compass thy grave, oh thou, that wert so great before! four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee! A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass, which whistles in the wind, mark, in the hunter's eye, the grave of the mighty Morar." *Songs of Selma.*—"O lay me, ye that see the light, near some rock of my hills; let the rustling oak be near; green be the place of my rest; and let the sound of the distant torrent be heard."

"In the times of the ancient fathers of

the Christian church, crowns of flowers were placed on the grave-stones of virgins; and baskets of lilies, violets, and roses, on the graves of husbands and wives.

"The savages of the Mississippi frequently retire to weep over the graves of their lost relatives; and there is a tribe in those wilds, whose women go every day to the graves of their infants; and with silent and pathetic eloquence, which shames all noisy grief, shed bitter tears, and press some milk from their bosoms upon the grass, that covers their remains. This milk they call by a name, signifying the sap of the human breast. The burying-places of the people of Morocco are generally situated in the fields; where every one purchases a spot of ground, which he surrounds with a walk, and plants with flowers. In Java, they scatter a profusion of flowers over the bodies of their friends; and the Afghans hang cornets on tombs, and burn incense; while the ghosts are believed to sit at the head of their graves, invisible, enjoying the perfume.

"In China, whence, it is not improbable, the custom originally passed into Media, Persia, and Arabia, the ceremony of planting flowers on graves still prevails. The mausoleums of the Crimean Chans are generally shaded by shrubs and fruit-trees; and the Indians of Surat, who have a great veneration for the graves of their saints, strew fresh flowers upon them every year. In Scotland this practice prevailed, in the time of Drummond, of Hawthornden; and, among the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, as well as in many parts of North and South Wales, it is still the common custom of the country. The graves, in those beautiful and romantic provinces, are decorated, on Palm Sunday, with leaves of laurel, cypress, and all the flowers, which are in blossom at that early season of the year. These graves are surrounded by small white-washed stones. In these little inclosures bloom the polyanthus and the narcissus, thyme, balm, and rosemary. Shirley has a melancholy allusion to this custom in his tragedy of the Traytor: and Shakespeare similar ones in *Hamlet*, *Winter's Tale*, and in *Cymbeline*; where Arviragus, contemplating the body of Fidele, promises to sweeten his grave with the fairest flowers of summer.

"It is impossible to walk in the churchyards of North and South Wales, without reflecting, with pleasure, on the respect, which is paid to the memories of the dead. The epitaphs, however, are generally poor and meagre: yet I remember to have seen three, which must highly gratify every person of taste:—

I.

"Hope, stranger, hope. Though the heart breaks, still let us hope.

II.

"Timon hated men; Orpheus hated women. I once loved one man and one woman. He

cheated, and she deceived me. Now I love only my God.

III.

On Mary Pengree.

'The village maidens to her grave shall bring
The fragrant garland, each returning spring.
Selected sweets! in emblem of the maid,
Who underneath this hallowed turf is laid.
Like her they flourish, beauteous to the eye;
Like her, too soon, they languish, fade, and die

'In some villages, children have snow-drops, primroses, violets, hazel-bloom, and sallow blossoms on their graves. Persons of maturer years have tansy, box, rue, ivy, and other evergreens. I have, also, occasionally seen on the stones of elderly men broken tobacco-pipes. There is, generally, a guardian, as it were, to each grave; and I once saw a rose, done up neatly in a white piece of paper, on which was written, "May'st thou flourish in Paradise like this rose!"'

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable William Pitt. By George Tomline, D. D. F. R. S. Lord Bishop of Winchester.

(Concluded from p. 280.)

IN all the discussions which took place in the House of Commons on the conduct of Warren Hastings, Mr. Pitt acted with the strictest impartiality, supporting some of the charges and voting against others, as they appeared to him to have been proved or not. He, however, refused to be one of the managers of the impeachment, which then consisted entirely of the members of the opposition. On the great question of the regency, in 1788, the conduct of Mr. Pitt is well known; he opposed, strenuously and successfully, investing the Regent with the full powers of sovereignty; and, in the correspondence with the Prince of Wales on the subject, he displayed an unshaken but respectful firmness, notwithstanding all the reports to the contrary. And yet, 'from the moment Mr. Pitt was placed at the head of the Treasury, to the present time [1789], he had the mortification of knowing, that the influence of the Prince of Wales was exerted against his administration.' In the discussions in a previous year, on the debts of his Royal Highness, Mr. Pitt had acted with equal independence and liberality.

Mr. Pitt opposed the repeal of the test and corporation acts, but gave his support to the measures for the abolition of the Slave Trade, which he declared to be 'contrary to every humane, every charitable principle, and to every sentiment which ought to inspire the breast of man.' On the subject of Parliamentary Reform,

Mr. Pitt changed his sentiments, and when the question was brought forward in 1792, he boldly avowed that change in one of the most brilliant speeches ever delivered on this much agitated question, and from which we shall make an extract. He said, speaking of a reform in the representation,—

"It is a question upon which I have thought attentively. I am unwilling to weary the house with many observations upon my own conduct, or upon what seems not exactly to correspond with what I professed in the earliest part of my public character, because I am convinced, that the question to be brought forward, will involve something more than the character, the fortune, the connexion, the liberty, or the life of any individual. It may affect the peace and tranquillity which, under the favour of Providence, this country has long enjoyed, in a superior degree, perhaps, to any part of the habitable globe. It may affect us, who, from the time of general darkness and bondage, to the present hour, have sat quietly, perceiving other powers struggling with tyranny and oppression, while we enjoyed our freedom; it may bring us into anarchy and confusion, worse, if possible, than if we had to contend with despotism itself.

"I think, that the country should know, what the opinions of public men are upon the subject now before us, and how they feel at this moment. I confess they have a peculiar right to know from me, my opinion relative to parliamentary reform. I could have wished, that a subject of this immense importance, had been brought forward at a time when I was personally more able to take an active part in a debate than at present, but, above all, on a day on which the house had no other matter to attend to. I wish, also, that the honourable gentleman would bring it forward in some distinct proposition stated to the house, that they might, early in the next session of Parliament, take the whole question into consideration; in which case I should, perhaps, have reserved myself until the day appointed for the consideration of the subject; but as this is a general notice, without any specific proposition, I must say, I feel no difficulty in declaring, in the most decisive terms, that I object both to the time and to the mode in which this business is brought forward. I feel this subject so deeply, that I must speak upon it without any reserve. I will, therefore, confess, that, in one respect, my opinion upon this subject is changed, and I am not ashamed to own it. I retain my opinion of the propriety of a reform in Parliament, if it could be obtained without mischief or danger, by a general concurrence, pointing harmlessly at its object. But, I confess, I am afraid at this moment, that if agreed to by this house, the security of all the blessings we enjoy, will be shaken

to the foundation. I confess I am not sanguine enough to hope that a reform at this time can safely be attempted."

The commencement of the French revolution, rendered the conduct of a British minister one of considerable difficulty, and opinions will never, perhaps, be reconciled on the measures he adopted. Our author has taken a very comprehensive view of the subject, and has vindicated the conduct of Mr. Pitt with considerable ability. In his concluding remarks on Mr. Pitt's policy in regard to France, he says,—

'The wisdom of Mr. Pitt's conduct, indeed, clearly appeared from the effect it produced upon some of the former opponents of his administration. Nothing but a sense of the most serious public danger, and a conviction of the absolute necessity of strengthening the hands of government, could have induced those respectable members of both houses, who had for nine years acted with the most determined hostility against Mr. Pitt, to stand forward in his support, and to relinquish all connexion with the leader of their party; who, besides other distinguished talents, is known to have possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the faculty of personally attaching to himself his political adherents. The junction of the Duke of Portland and his friends with Mr. Pitt, on the present occasion, reflected equal honour upon both; and this sudden change in so large a body of men, whose characters precluded all suspicion, either of unworthy motive or of weak delusion, must be considered as an early and unequivocal testimony in favour of those principles, a perseverance in which is acknowledged to have been the means, under Providence, of saving this kingdom and all Europe, from the galling yoke of Jacobinical tyranny.

'Such were the proofs which Mr. Pitt gave, at an age which added greatly to their effect upon his contemporaries, and must ever render them more interesting to succeeding generations, of consummate ability, undaunted firmness, sound judgment, and honourable policy; and such were his numerous and eminent services to his country, in the first nine years of his administration, during a period of peace. From this time to the end of his life, we shall have to follow him in the wise and vigorous conduct of a war, attended with circumstances and difficulties unexampled in the history of the world; and which the prosperity, strength, and resources derived from his former measures, together with his salutary and effectual provisions for war, at the time of profound and apparently settled peace, principally enabled the nation to support, and at length to bring to a most brilliant conclusion.'

The second volume of this work, though containing a very able view of the political life of Mr. Pitt during an important period of his administration,

affords little opportunity for extract; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with only noticing the dismissal of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who had been a very able adjunct to the ministry; and an instance of his late Majesty's personal esteem for Mr. Pitt:—

'The extraordinary manner in which the Lord Chancellor opposed the Loan Bill, rendered it necessary for Mr. Pitt to take a step, which the common friends of those two distinguished persons had for some time seen to be inevitable. From the commencement of Mr. Pitt's administration, to the period of the King's illness, the Lord Chancellor had acted with the utmost zeal and cordiality as a member of the cabinet*; but during the proceedings in Parliament, to which that unhappy event gave rise, a great alteration took place in his conduct; to such a degree, indeed, that upon several occasions, Mr. Pitt felt by no means confident what part he would take in the debates in the House of Lords. In all the discussions, however, relative to the regency, he invariably, and with apparent sincerity, supported the principles and measures of Mr. Pitt; but not entirely without suspicion, at the moment of the greatest difficulty, of a disposition to pursue an opposite line, in consequence of his being admitted to frequent interviews with the Prince of Wales. Whether the amendment which took place in the King's health, had any influence in this respect, it is impossible to know. After his Majesty's recovery the same coolness and reserve towards Mr. Pitt continued, and gradually increased, although there was no difference of opinion upon any political question, nor did there appear any other cause for dissatisfaction.

'This was a matter of so great importance, that it was thought right to make the King acquainted with it; and his Majesty wrote to the Lord Chancellor upon the subject, towards the end of November, 1789, and received such an answer as led him confidently to hope, that Mr. Pitt would in future have no reason to complain of the Lord Chancellor. This, however, proved by no means the case: and Mr. Pitt, at length convinced that he could not rely upon Lord Thurlow's co-operation, submitted to the King, at the beginning of the following November, the expediency of advancing Mr. William Grenville, who was then Secretary of State, to the peerage, for the purpose of conducting the public business in the House of Lords, and of remedying those inconveniences which had frequently arisen from the waywardness of the Lord Chancellor. To this proposal his Majesty immediately assented; but though Mr.

* 'Mr. Pitt used to say, that he always found it useful to talk over any measure, which he had in contemplation, with Lord Thurlow, as he was sure to hear from him every objection to which it was liable.'

Pitt had now the satisfaction of feeling entirely at ease, as far as the support of the measures of government was concerned in the House of Lords, yet he still had the mortification of observing a continuance of the same unfriendly disposition in the Lord Chancellor.

'One of the members of the cabinet, who had been intimately acquainted, as well as politically connected, with the Lord Chancellor for many years, repeatedly remonstrated with him upon his present conduct towards Mr. Pitt, which he represented to be the subject of serious concern to all their colleagues, and earnestly pressed him, both for public and private reasons, to state openly and candidly his ground of complaint; assuring him, that no offence or neglect had been intended, and that Mr. Pitt was ready to enter into an explanation upon any point he might wish. This friendly interposition entirely failed. No explicit answer could be obtained; nor did the Chancellor mention a single objection to Mr. Pitt's public measures, or specify one instance of inattention to himself. He persevered in taking every opportunity of marking his personal dislike of Mr. Pitt, though constantly warned of the unreasonableness and unavoidable consequence of such behaviour; and at last his spleen broke forth in a violent censure of a bill, to which he knew Mr. Pitt annexed the greatest importance; and he actually voted against it without having given any previous notice of his intention. Mr. Pitt, who had shown more forbearance than any other man would have done under similar circumstances, had now no alternative. Neither the good of the public service, nor a regard to his own feelings and character, would allow him to submit to such an indignity; and on the following morning, he respectfully submitted to the King, the impossibility of his remaining in office with the Lord Chancellor, and the consequent necessity of his Majesty making his choice between them*. The King was in some degree prepared for this communication; and the Lord Chancellor was immediately acquainted, by his Majesty's command, that he must resign the seals. But as a change was not desirable so near the end of the session, and some time was requisite to bring business, depending in the Court of Chancery, to a conclusion, he did not actually give up the seals till the

* 'Mr. Pitt, at the same time, wrote the following letter to the Lord Chancellor:—

*"Downing Street, Wednesday,
May 16, 1792.*

"My Lord,—I think it right to take the earliest opportunity of acquainting your lordship, that being convinced of the impossibility of his Majesty's service being any longer carried on to advantage, while your lordship and myself both remain in our present situations, I have felt it my duty to submit that opinion to his Majesty; humbly requesting his Majesty's determination thereupon.

I have the honour to be, &c. W. PITT."

day of the prorogation, when they were placed in the hands of three commissioners.

'This dismissal of the Lord Chancellor was not followed by a single resignation or change in any political or legal department; nor was it expected to affect the vote of one member in either house of Parliament—a clear proof of the opinion which was entertained of Mr. Pitt's conduct upon this occasion.'

On the death of Lord Guildford, in 1792, the wardenship of the Cinque Ports, worth about 3000*l.* a year, became vacant, and the King immediately offered it to Mr. Pitt, in the following pressing terms:—

"Windsor, Aug 6, 1792.

"Having this morning received the account of the death of the Earl of Guildford, I take the first opportunity of acquainting Mr. Pitt, that the wardenship of the Cinque Ports is an office for which I will not receive any recommendations; having positively resolved to confer it on him, as a mark of that regard, which his eminent services have deserved from me. I am so bent on this, that I shall seriously be offended at any attempt to decline. I have intimated these, my intentions, to the Earl of Chatham, Lord Grenville, and Mr. Dundas."

'His Majesty, knowing that Mr. Pitt was at Burton Pynsent, on a visit to his mother, sent the above letter to Mr. Dundas, in London, adding, "Mr. Dundas is to forward it with a few lines from himself, expressing, that I will not admit of this favour being declined. I desire that Lord Chatham may also write, and that Mr. Dundas will take the first opportunity of acquainting Lord Grenville with the step I have taken*."

Although we deem the Bishop of Winchester's Life of Mr. Pitt a very valuable work, yet we think it might have been rendered more interesting if some portion of his private life had been mingled with his public labours; but his biographer has declared his intention to keep them separate, and the private life of Mr. Pitt will form part of the subject of the third and concluding volume. The work is not written with the ability which marked some of the controversial productions of the author; but it is a plain, honest, and straight-forward narrative, in which

* 'The King had always expressed a great desire to make some provision for Mr. Pitt. In May, 1790, Mr. Pitt applied by letter to the King, for the reversion of a tellership of the exchequer, in favour of Lord Auckland's son, to which his Majesty assented; and added, "had Mr. Pitt proposed some means of rendering it of utility to himself, it would have been pleasing to me, as I do not feel easy at not having had an opportunity of securing a provision for him, in case of my paying that tribute to which every one is sooner or later subject."

historical fidelity and a becoming liberality of principle are alike manifest.

The temperate manner in which the work is written, appears to be a sad disappointment to some of our journalists, if we may judge by the way in which they have mentioned it. The *Morning Chronicle*, not finding any better ground of attack, discovered a great want of fairness in the reverend biographer, in concealing from his readers, that Mr. Pitt, previous to a debate in the House of Commons, would drink a bottle of wine in tumblers! and rakes up some anecdotes of the bishop's avarice. The *Times* newspaper, which is less proverbial for its liberality or its critical acuteness, quarrels with the bishop on the dearness of his work, and states that it ought have been given in a single octavo volume; and the editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, disdaining all half-measures, and reluctantly compelled to admit that the author has 'produced an interesting book,' accompanies the acknowledgment with the following remark, which we quote on account of its truth and elegance: 'Tomline, Bishop of Winchester, tutor of the last William Pitt, has published his promised Memoirs of that statesman, but at a price which adapts it to the purchase only of those who realized fortunes under the corrupt system of his administration. As a scrivener would make a fair copy at a third of its cost, the utility of printing seems baffled, and the scrivener's occupation may soon be expected to revive.'

Now it happens that this very work, which is so condemned for its high price, is one of the cheapest that we have seen for some time, of the same form and size. It contains no less than twelve hundred pages in two 4to. volumes, printed on good paper, and the price is only 3l. 3s. Mr. Southey's *Vision of Judgment*, which consisted of only seventy-nine pages, (one third of which were not original,) was published at 15s., or at four times the price, in proportion, of the *Life of Pitt*. So much for the dearness of the work, and as to a scrivener writing a copy of it for £1. the folly of the assertion might be overlooked, but for its falsehood and malignity. We know not at what rate the editor of the *Monthly Magazine* pays his scriveners, but if he gets them to copy twelve hundred quarto pages, or even one hundred, or even fifty, for £1. he certainly ought to conceal the wretchedness to which he reduces those he employs, or avow himself at once a hard task-master.

We have deemed it an act of justice to the right reverend biographer, to notice the charges thus made against him, as well as to show the liberality of discover critics.

1. *Sketches from St. George's Fields.* By Giorgione di Castel Chiuso. 12mo. London, 1820.
2. *Sketches from St. George's Fields.* By the same. Second Series. 12mo. London, 1821.

If the first one hundred and three numbers of the *Literary Chronicle* did not bear tolerable evidence of our critical industry, we should deem it necessary to apologize to our readers for having neglected the 'Sketches from St. George's Fields' until they reached a second series. The author, we understand, is a Mr. Bailey, and though we cannot but wish that so clever a satirist had chosen a nobler theme, yet 'misery,' says Shakespeare, 'makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows;' and the author could not, perhaps, have more laudably diverted the ennui of a constrained residence, than by so successful an exercise of his genius and talents. The Sketches are at once humorous, satirical, and spirited, and often accompanied by reflections that are creditable to the heart as well as the head of the writer. He appears deeply read in the knowledge of human nature, and describes with force and correctness, its workings under various circumstances. We shall quote but one passage from the first series, which is descriptive of the inhabitants of the prison:—

'Here ruin'd lawyers ruin'd clients meet;
Here doctors their consumptive patients greet;
Sick of one malady that mocks all skill,
Without the true specific,—golden pill.
Here finish'd tailors, never to be paid,
Turn eyes on many a coat themselves have made;
And bailiffs, caught by their own arts at last,
Meet those their *capias* yesterday made fast.
There walks a youth whose father, for reform,
Has shut him up where countless vices swarm.
But little is that parent skill'd to trace
The springs of action,—little knows the place,
Who sends an ailing mind to where disease
Its inmost citadel of health may seize.
Faint are the calls of decency, when broad
And naked vice can shew her front unaw'd;
Where thrives whate'er the vilest of our kind
Can teach to brutify and sink the mind;
Where weary reason fails her watch to keep,
And the tir'd conscience finds a troubled sleep;
Where every check and barrier is removed,
Of countenances fear'd, and bosoms lov'd;
Where bold and bad examples lead the way,
And every hour facilities betray;
Where feverish impatience fires the blood,
Distemper'd by the madding neighbourhood;

Where hope of some short joy the sanguine draws,
And vanity is fed by bad applause,—
The brute his wanted offal seeks, the fool
Falls with his weight, or push'd by ridicule.'

'See yon pale wretch—observe his vacant stare—

His lustre-lacking eye and matted hair;
His squalid hands, his soil'd and tatter'd dress,
Symbols, at once, of want and low excess;
Two months ago he was an airy thing,
Light, crisp, and elegant, and free of wing,—
Graceful in manners, stylish in attire,
In converse full of wit, of zest, and fire.
Soon sank his spirits, faded every grace,
Before the withering influence of the place;
Not of that order of high minds was he,
Whose efforts rise with growing misery;
From wine he sought false courage, and the glow

That gave a hollow respite to his woe;
Soon larger draughts were needful, in the sleep
That kills all memory each sense to steep,—
Then vile potations of pernicious trash
Were swallowed, Reason from his brain to wash;—

Behold him, now, confirmed the perfect sot,
That knows no heaven beyond a porter-pot.'

The 'Second Series,' just published, is neither deficient in spirit, humour, nor moral reflection, to its predecessor; and, although the satirist wages a 'motley war,' it is only against vice and folly. It is true, that those who have the misfortune to know the arcana of the King's Bench Prison, will be able to identify the characters he has portrayed; but in their general features they are so true to nature, that personal identity is not necessary to assure us of their correctness. We shall quote a few extracts; and, first, of a Table d'Hôte in the prison:—

'Yon raw-boned and red whiskered fellow note,
With clean cravat;—he keeps a *Table d'Hôte*;
And every day—'tis his peculiar boast—
Smokes on the board the solid boiled or roast:
And sometimes you may see above the flesh,
Fish of the cheaper kinds, nor yet too fresh,—
Herrings, a savoury mess—with onions fried—
To sauce the palate, and the taint to hide;
Or fumes from fish of ancient salt ascend,
To which coeval eggs their flavour lend:
Sometimes on greasy soup will pepper float;
It feeds you—or it scarifies your throat.
And plate is there: of silver spoons a brace—
Or plated, perhaps—o'er pewter hold their place.
Only the host inquires if sure your pay,
And, answered, welcomes you from day to day;
And you may eat with such assorted crew,
As never met, nor more will meet, your view.
That easy negligence which constitutes
The grace of some, yet others scarcely suits,
May here be learnt. Here sit not those who ask
The rites you think the toilet's slightest task;
Here—where with unwashed hands and unkempt hair,
Hot racket-players to their meal repair,
Feeding like hogs, and washing down their food,
With heady draughts, their chief beatitude.
And here are some would win you from such crew,
Inviting you to join—"a chosen few,

Men who companions with due care select
All gentlemen of manners most correct."

The author's curse on knavish attorneys is very spirited. He has been describing the means by which they ensnare and plunder such as have the misfortune to come within their grasp:—

'Two such—and deeply I the knowledge rue—

Two dark confederates in guilt, I knew.
Well they agreed when'er they set their toils,
And quarrelled only when they shared the spoils.

Their love of plunder still their league renewed,
Still jealous greediness revived the feud.
At length a quarrel fiercer than the rest,
The caution burst of either guilty breast:
Each of his partner then such things revealed,
That I escaped them, ere my fate was sealed.

Whip, O ye strongest arms that e'er applied
The sounding lash to vile delinquent's hide,
Whip me such villains thro' each crowded street,

To Tyburn's distant turnpike from the Fleet!
Sharp be the lash, and burning be the smart
They feel behind the slowly moving cart;
And let their screams resound, that far and near
The heart of conscious guilt may quake with fear.

Yes, let the scourge their backs in furrows plough,

Let the red iron sear each hardened brow,
And mark for common scorn for many a day
The villains that upon the wretched prey,
Bring direr plagues upon the house of woe,
And heavier fetters round the captive throw.

Methinks if Gog and Magog at Guildhall
Kehama's Amreet cup their own might call,
'Twere fate befitting those Attornies twain,
In equal shares its beverage to drain.
Then each his body, red with fiercest glow,
Before the giant images should throw,
Each as a pedestal to serve, to feel
Of Magog this, and that of Gog, the heel;
That none might e'er approach the judgment seat,

But well should mark the fate for villains meet.

The thief that claps a pistol to your breast,
The midnight burglar that invades your rest,
The desperate forger, when compared with these,

Are culprits that the voice of Reason frees.
E'en those that spoil the maimed less move our ire,

Less those that rob the sufferers in a fire.
The Leech drops off when saturate of blood;
The Vampire flies, gorged with the crimson flood;

But these, when feasted, more in hunger rave,
And their foul food with fiercer fury crave,
Like Gouls obscene, that in the darkest gloom,
(So shuddering Arabs tell) infest the tomb,
And still insatiate, thro' the night tho' fed,
Reluctant quit at dawn the mangled dead.'

Our last extract we select on account of the beautiful allusion to the death of the much-lamented Princess Charlotte. The author is describing the interior of the King's Bench Prison:—

'There, in the centre, is the chapel door,
With ever-changing notices spread o'er:
Whatever doctrines may within be taught,
With words of peace that door is rarely fraught:
For there, 'mid notices of beds for hire,
Of concerts in the State-house by desire,

Some ill-spelt scrawl demands the mighty debt
Of half a crown, with a ferocious threat;
Some traitorous agent is denounced; some spy,
That blabb'd of gin, is hung in effigy.

Here angry fools proclaim the petty jar,
And clumsy pasquinades provoke to war.

Yet even here, at times, such words have place,

As such a door may wear without disgrace.
On that dark day when all the nation's sighs
Rose for the light withdrawn from our sad eyes,
When Britain's fondest proudest hopes were cross'd,

And both the mother and the babe were lost,
Even here the blow was felt; and darkness fell,

With deeper shade on Grief's own citadel.
On that most mournful day the chapel door
A sad and solemn exhortation bore:
In simple but affecting terms it told
The loss, for which how ill are we consoled!
The virtues and the graces that are gone,
And left the throne no promise like them—none!

No witting o'er the righteous tribute sneer'd;
The hardened scoffer's folly disappeared;
But on the day when that untimely tomb
Closed o'er the blossom snatch'd in its first bloom,

The prisoners met with one consent, to pray,
And own the power that gives and takes away;
That oft confounds the wisdom of the wise,
In ways that mock the ken of human eyes.'

In conclusion, we cannot but express our regret, that an author with such talents, should have been schooled in the misery that he portrays; we trust, however, that he has escaped the contagion it too often communicates, and that his future sketches will be from subjects on which he may dwell with more pleasure, and treat no less happily, than St. George's Fields. We ought to add, that each volume of the series contains several well executed wood-engravings, from original and appropriate designs.

Annals of the Coinage of Britain and its Dependencies. By the Rev. R. Ruding.

(Continued from p. 248.)

ON the ascension of Queen Mary to the throne, in 1553, she found the coinage nearly brought to a perfect standard by the wise counsel and exertions of her predecessor. She issued a proclamation, in which she held out the promise of bringing the silver to the old sterling, when, in fact, it was her determination to debase it. During her short reign, she had several coinages; and before her marriage, her title upon the coin was, 'Maria Dei Gratia Anglie, Francie, et Hibernie, Regina.' In July, 1554, she married Philip of Spain, who brought with him a vast quantity of wealth: seven-and-twenty chests of bullion, every chest being a yard and some inches

long; and these were drawn in twenty carts to the Tower; after which came ninety-nine horses, and two carts loaded with coined gold and silver. The first money struck after the marriage, had the Queen's bust only; but a new die was soon cut, with the heads of both the King and Queen, with the titles, 'Philip et Mariadei Gratia R. Anglie, Francie, et Neapolis Princeps Hispanie' In some of the later coins, the titles of Naples and Spain, and in others, that of France also are omitted. The shield on the reverse has the arms of Spain impaled with England. The motto upon her silver coins, before her marriage, was 'VERITAS TEMPORIS FILIA.' Afterwards, 'POSIVIMUS DEUM ADIUTOREM NOSTRUM.' On her gold money, both before and after her marriage, we find, 'A DOMINO FACTVM EST ISTVD ET EST MIRABILE IN OCVLIS NOSTRIS.' The name of the mint is to be found only upon the pennies.

The reign of Elizabeth is an important one in the annals of the coinage. She called in the base money by proclamation, and had it converted into sterling, at a separate mint in the Tower, in 1560-61. The quantity of base money brought into the mint in that year, was 631,950lbs. from which 244,416lbs. of fine monies were made, leaving no less than 387,534lbs. of dross, which, Stowe informs us, was carried to foul ways, to heighten them:—

'A strange story is told of the workmen who were employed in melting these base coins; that most of them fell sick to death with the savour, and that they were advised to drink in a dead man's skull for their rescue. That, accordingly, a warrant was procured from the council, to take off the heads from London Bridge, and to make cups of them, out of which they drank, and found some relief, although most of them died.'

If there be any truth in this tale, which is related by both Agarde and Hearne, it is probable that the sickness arose from the fumes of arsenic with which the base metal was fluxed.

A medal was struck to perpetuate the memory of this event. On the obverse side it bore the Queen's bust, full-faced, with this inscription, 'ET ANGLICE GLORIA.' On the reverse, Justice, seated, bearing the sword and balance, with this legend, 'BENE CONSTITUTA RE NUMARIA.' The Queen seems to have prided herself much on the reformation of the coinage, as we find her frequently and publicly boasting, that she had 'conquer-

ed now that monster which had so long devoured her people.' It must, however, greatly detract from the Queen's merit in this respect, that she permitted, by several commissions, her master of the Mint to vary from the terms of his indenture, for the express purpose of coining the money of less weight and fineness.

The Queen's title on her coins, differed little from that of her sister Mary before her marriage, for she was styled *ELIZABETH DEI GRATIA ANGLIÆ, FRANCIÆ, ET HIBERNIÆ REGINA*. On some of the smaller pieces, however, that title was omitted, and they bore only *E. D. G. ROSA SINE SPINA*. Those pieces had the place of mintage on the reverse.

The mill and screw were first introduced into the Mint in the year 1561, but they were either imperfectly constructed, or, what is equally probable, the officers of the Mint were prejudiced against the use of them, and they were declared defective.

One of the first acts of James I. on his accession to the English throne, was to fix the value at which the Scottish coins should be current in England. The want of coins of small value, had driven private traders to issue farthing tokens of lead; but these illegitimate coins were abolished by proclamation, in 1613, and a coinage of copper farthings was then first commenced in the Mint. In the course of this King's reign, a good deal of money was coined of silver, refined from the lead of the mines in Wales, and the money was marked with the Welsh feathers, placed over the royal arms, upon the respective reverses.

The title of James was varied from that of all his predecessors, on account of the union of the two kingdoms under one imperial crown. On the coins which were first struck after his accession to the English throne, it ran thus, '*Jacobus Dei Gratia Angliæ, Scotiæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ, Rex*.' This, in the second year, was changed to '*Jacobus Dei Gratia Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ, Rex*.' His earliest English coins had on the reverse, '*Exurgat Deus dissipentur inimici*.' But after his second year, all the inscriptions on the various reverses alluded to the union of England and Scotland, which he earnestly desired, but was unable to accomplish.

As we come down to the more recent period of our history, we shall not deem it necessary to be so minute, since the coinage then becomes more fami-

liar to the public. The reign of Charles I. is memorable for the great improvement which took place in the workmanship of the coins. The merit of this must be ascribed to a foreign artist, Nicholas Briot, a native of Lorraine, who, quitting France in disgust, had great encouragement from Charles I. whose taste in the Fine Arts is universally admitted. Briot was made a denizen, by letters patent, in 1628, and authorized to frame and engrave the first designs and effigies of the King's image, in such sizes and forms as should serve in all sorts of coins of gold and silver. The various expedients to which Charles resorted to replenish his coffers in his necessities, are well known, and it is sufficient here to observe, that they were all injurious to the coinage. The great variety of the money coined by Charles the First, prevents us from noticing the several coins; for, besides the regular silver pieces, which were of a size and value well known as the currency of the kingdom, there were also others of irregular form and value, which the immediate want of money obliged the King to coin at various places. These are called siege pieces, or money of necessity; and were either coins of larger size than had ever been used before, as the twenty or the ten shilling pieces of silver or rude masses of plate; clipped off, and stamped with some hastily-formed device, and even retaining, in certain instances, the moulding of the salvers from which they were cut,

In the beginning of the Commonwealth, the House of Commons resolved that the inscriptions on the coins should be in the English tongue; that on the one side, on which the English arms should stand alone, should be this inscription—'*The commonwealth of England*;' and on the other side, which should bear the arms of England and Ireland, '*God with us*.'

These coins were the subject of standing jokes with the cavaliers. The double shield on the reverse was called the '*breeches of the rump*,' and from the legend they observed that God and the commonwealth were on opposite sides; another writer speaking of this coin said—

'May their success like to their coin appear,
Send double crosses for their single cheer.'

In the year 1656, Cromwell ventured to coin money with his own head and style; but there is no proof that he ever published it as the current money of England. The pieces were eminently beautiful, being the work

of Thomas Simon, who was appointed chief engineer of the mint and medal maker, by whom they were coined with the greatest care and exactness by the mill and screw. Antiquaries have differed much as to the extent of this coinage, but, after all, it appears certain that it was never the current money of the kingdom.

It is not certainly known that Charles the Second coined any money before his restoration, but Mr. Folkes conjectured that some five shillings and two and sixpenny pieces were struck by him during the interval between his father's death and his own restoration. It is probable that these coins were struck in Ireland by the Marquis of Ormond, who proclaimed the king in all the places which owned his authority within a fortnight after his father's death. Soon after the restoration of the king, the currency of the coins with the stamp of the commonwealth was prohibited; and in the course of his reign a new coinage of gold, silver, copper, and tin monies was issued. His style upon the English gold and silver coins was the same as his father's, with the addition of the Roman numerals for distinction; but on his copper and tin money it was simply '*Carolus a Carolo*,' and on the reverse '*Britannia*.'

The short and unhappy reign of James II. was in no respect more disgraceful than in the state to which he reduced the coinage in Ireland. His English money, however, escaped violation, for he was forced to abandon that kingdom before his pecuniary necessities became very urgent. The base metal of which this king formed his Irish coinage is said to have been '*a mixture of old guns, old broken bells, old copper, brass and pewter, old kitchen furniture, and the refuse of metals melted down together and valued by the workmen in the mint at three or four pence the pound weight; but when coined into sixpenny, twelve-penny, and halfcrown pieces, and made current by arbitrary power, it passed at the rate of five pounds sterling the pound weight*.' Of this base money there was coined and issued to the amount of 2,163,237l. 9s. the produce of 6,495l. the real value of the metal. In this wretched sort of money the Popish soldiers were paid their subsistence, and the Protestant tradesmen and creditors were obliged to receive it for their goods and debts; so that it is calculated that they lost above 60,000l. a-month by this iniquitous coinage.

On the accession of William III. to the throne, various useful regulations were made respecting foreign money, and for preventing the debasing of the English coin, which was then done to an alarming extent. A recoinage was completed in 1699, when nearly seven millions of silver money were coined.

The second splendid period in the annals of our mints is the reign of Queen Anne, for the beauty of her coinage is only exceeded by the admirable works of Simon, during the protectorate of Cromwell, and part of the reign of Charles II. In 1707 an alteration was made in the royal arms on both the English and Scottish coins. England and Scotland were then impaled in the first and third quarterings, France placed in the second, and Ireland in the fourth. The coin was declared of the same standard and value throughout the united kingdom as it was at that time in England; and a mint was still continued at Edinburgh.

It was in this reign that Dean Swift delivered to the Lord Treasurer his plan for improving the British coin, and which, if adopted to its utmost extent, would have ennobled our coinage, and have elevated it far above the rank of a mere medium of commerce. Nothing more, however, was done, than the striking a few pattern farthings and halfpence. One of the former has Britannia under a portal, holding an olive branch in her hand; there is another with Peace in a car, and this inscription, *PAX MISSA PER ORBEM*; these are dated in 1713; and a third has a female figure standing with an olive branch in her right hand, and a spear in her left, and this legend, *BEILLO ET PACE*, 1713. The halfpenny has a rose and thistle upon the same stalk, on the reverse, in allusion to the union. None of these were ever current.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Picturesque Tour of the Seine.

Part IV. May.

THE last number of this elegant work is equal to any of its predecessors, in point of decoration, and is more important in the nature of its subjects. It contains, among other things, a very interesting historical account of the Abbey and Church of St. Dennis, but it is too long for our insertion, and we shall, therefore, content ourselves with inserting what we believe is a well-merited tribute to the memory of the first wife of Napoleon, the Empress

Josephine, from the author's account of Malmaison:—

‘Having passed the bridge of Chatou, I perceived a mansion nearly concealed from view by trees. “It is Malmaison*,” said my guide. This single word was sufficient to remind me of her who there terminated her career, and I resolved to survey the place more closely. She soothed the rigour of authority with her kindness and generosity, and the extent of her power was known only by that of her benevolence. Never did the wretched apply to her in vain: accessible to all, and especially to the unfortunate, they returned cheered from her presence; and at the moment when you would have expected her to be intoxicated with homage and adulation, she did not forget that she had been called the *mother of the poor*. While absorbed in reverie, chance conducted me to the church-yard, and into the church of Ruel. I inquired for her tomb, and was answered, “There she lies.” I beheld, on the pavement, a flat stone, without inscription. What! not the slightest *obstacle* to protect her last abode, to preserve her ashes from being trampled under foot! Grace, beauty, power, all are laid here, and no mark apprises the wanderer that here reposes the benefactress of mankind. The indigent alone are but too well acquainted with this fatal spot, which has swallowed up all their hopes: there is nothing remarkable about this stone, but they know that hither they must come to weep over her who so often dried their tears. The sight of this humble grave, the depository, nevertheless, of such precious remains, plunged me into the most melancholy reflections. It was some time before I perceived an old man at my side, surveying me with attention. There is a natural sympathy between good hearts; though we had never spoken to each other, we were already acquainted. “My dear sir,” said he, “who is better qualified than myself, to tell you of her whom we call the *good Josephine*? She fed me for eight years. How shall I describe to you the day we lost her? She was borne to this her last abode, by those whom she had supported, and followed by her afflicted servants, by the poor, and by women and children, who were now left destitute. Ah, sir! what tears, what cries of anguish, when the coffin was lowered into the grave. Believe me, the poor are not ungrateful; for six years past, I have come every morning to this spot to offer up my prayer.” I pressed the hand of

* The house, though but one story high, contains spacious apartments. The park is one of the finest in the neighbourhood of Paris. Here Josephine formed a botanic garden, containing all the rarest exotic plants, either in the open air or in hot-houses; a complete menagerie of all the species of animals which can exist in the climate of the north of France; and an agricultural school. The Empress, who was attached to arts and sciences, had made other valuable collections at Malmaison.’

the aged speaker, and left the church, blessing the memory of her who deserved such a funeral oration.’

Original Communications.

LETTER FROM W. B. L. TO THE PUBLIC.

GENTLE READER,—With downcast eyes and a sheepishness of face, we address ourself unto thy most compassionate clemency. Our pen fluttereth within our finger points like unto the foliage of the aspen-tree, and our heart assuredly paineth us nigh unto choaking. Of our trepidation thou mayest conclude when we assever, that, for four mortal hours have we essayed to preliminize, and have, as yet, progressed but thus far. Most sweet and silver-hearted reader, (oh! that our adjectives be propitious) we tremble; for have we not (though thereunto compelled) launched our frail and untarred bark upon literary waters! We quail at every movement of our quivering scull; verily, there seemeth within the ‘Fives-Court’ of our bosom, a pigmy race of Randalls and Mendozas, so outrageously do our internals beat against our fair and fleshy frame.

We are (assist us, O divinities!) we are to make known unto thee, that in the absolute compliance with our desires, (particularized in a certain epistle, the which, though destined for sole and confidential purposes, to our utter dismay, hath been revealed unto the world twice seven days ago) on Tuesday, the first day of May (instant,) our very excellent friend, to whom thou and I are under an eternity of obligation, with PARRY, and (to the total discomfiture of Betty House-maid) SAM SPRITSAIL (honest Sam), *en suite*, dropped from the density of a metropolitan atmosphere into the purer regions of rurality; but whether—and here, reader, most delectable and dear, here’s the rub!—whether from the suddenness of the transition, or from divers hilarious and revellous proceedings, we nothing surmise; yet, natheless, so it fell, that upon the second morn of our festivities, he, our friend aforesaid, recognized sundry internal symptoms of a nature squeamish and peculiar, which appeared unto his discernment, fit studies for the lucubrations of our neighbour, Nicholas Nickum, M. D.*.

* We may be allowed to note, that from the never-failing success which attends this worthy man’s endeavours in depopulating the vicinage of which he is the glory and the pride, we have every reason to surmise, that, if spared for a few

It beseeemeth not at this moment requisite to discuss the precise malady of our friend, but rather, excusingly, to state, that, regardless of bodily infirmities, and with an eye to this his beloved offspring, deeming it advisable its temporary superintendence should devolve upon our well known-sagacity, (so was he pleased to compliment our poor ability,) furnished us with manifold and explicit instructions, touching the conduct thereof. Could we refuse our humble efforts? we somewhat suppressed the agitation of our breast, and throwing ourself into the right-hand corner of our carriage, bade Stephen (our coachman,) direct our course towards town.

We had pledged ourself to indite as tolerable a paper as possible, on some trite subject, which might compensate to the many hundreds of whom we are conned, for the absence of our poor friend's masterly cogitations; but, alas! little did we think of the performance of that pledge—else had we indubitably plunged into the first river we had met, and submissively have yielded up the ghost.

Oh! reader, it is surely one thing to read and another to write. Yea, wonderfully pleasant is it to pore upon an exquisite periodical—with what a goodly feeling of impatience do we await the coming of our newsman—how anxiously are our eyes directed a-down the shrubbery, over the little white bridge, just across the green meadow, and then into the violetted lane, whose very fragrance seems to court his coming—how impatient are our ears of all sounds, which disturb the melody of his taper horn—and when his tired and tedious steps 'have borne him to our door,' with what a holy eagerness do we wreath our fingers amid its pages, still moist with its own peculiar bloom, how quickly do we assume our pebbled optics, (power, No. 5.) and glut our senses upon the delicious and delighting herald. Were our mind and imagination less flurried, we could have spun several beautiful stanzas (Spenserian) thereupon.

Yea, all this is prodigiously sweet, but turn the cups, and—lo!

Behold the plodding author at his toil—sad reverse. See him, reader, see him in his study, (i. e. a garret, ten feet five inches per seven feet three inches,)—look at that haggard eye—that pallid cheek—that distracted gaze years, (which heaven grant,) he will stand a practical illustration of the hypothetical absurdities, both of Godwin and Malthus.

—that hesitating and undetermined step—he pauses—starts—rushes to his chair (always providing he have one)—and pauses again—and, anon, he grasps a pen—but ah,—his hand creeps towards the standish as though it blushed for the brain which impels it.

Reader, (barring the garret,) thou hast here a portrait of myself, and so strongly were we possessed with an author's struggles, that we found our (naturally inventive) faculties expand, and suddenly acquire strength, breadth, and colour; our goose quill (we pray you mistake not our meaning) sped with a velocity absolutely astonishing (albeit, we ken well our admirable capacities when cool,) to ourself. Three columns and odd, (type liliputian,) by a saving computation, were wrought in sixteen minutes and three seconds—mere transcription time—sentence followed sentence, and paragraph paragraph, of deep and dolorous detail; but, at the very moment we were breaking into eloquence, the devil (we mean, of course, our own peculiar imp,) broke in upon us like unto a thunder clap, squeaking out, that Mr. Flagherty O'Shaughnessy O'Rourke (our foreman), was waiting for 'copy,' that the press was at a stand, and that three columns would complete the paper. Three columns! *three* pages would not have sufficed for what we had written; but, what was to be done? we journeyed round our chamber sixteen revolutions; and then, in the deepness of our desperation, did we dispatch the whole unto Mr. O'Flagherty O'Shaugh—something; and thus placed ourself into his discriminating judgment.

Therefore, sweet reader, take we our leave for the present week, hastily promising much mirth for the coming.

Thine, in good faith,

W. B. L.

Postm. We propose an essay on chop-houses in our next, and expect it will be excellent and savoury.

SOME ACCOUNT OF EVERYBODY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—As I have been, for a long time, a subscriber to your journal, which, whatever may be your modesty, you cannot but know that Everybody reads and admires, it fell to my lot to peruse the 'Life and Adventures of Nobody,' contained in one of your late numbers. And I could not but give my assent to those wonderful adventures with which 'Nobody's' career

has abounded, and which it would be vain for Everybody to attempt to rival. However, although I cannot pretend that my life has been equally prolific with marvels, I still think that, when I have thrown together some few passages of it, you will be disposed to exclaim, with one of my favourite poets,—

'Honus erit huic quoque pono!'

After what I have just said, to stumble in *limine*, or at the first step of my journey, may appear somewhat ominous; but with a due regard to that veracity to which Everybody at all times pretends, I must admit, that I have no very high claims on the score of genealogy. For, while I am ready to grant, that 'Nobody' can carry his family higher than Adam, I must, at the same time, acknowledge that Everybody cannot boast of that enviable distinction, although it is equally certain that his family must have originated with the great sire of mankind. However, as I have not the honour of belonging to the stock of the renowned Arthurs and Cadwaladers, those redoubtable champions of Wales, I have no ambition to speak of the merits of my progenitors. In this respect, if you will pardon my pedantry, I will adopt the words of the Roman poet, and say—

'Nam genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi, Vix ea nostra voco.'

From my ancestors I pass, then, to that more interesting topic—myself, on which Everybody is so well known to delight to dwell. And here I am bound to confess, that, in a general view, my character is neither more nor less than a perplexing and contradictory compound of negatives, which it is impossible to fix to any one point. For, it is universally allowed, that Everybody is not virtuous, that Everybody is not vicious, that Everybody is not an ideot, and that Everybody is not a sage; while, on the other hand, I can never be said to be gifted with any one positive quality, good, bad, or indifferent. It is impossible, therefore, that even 'Nobody' himself should present a greater riddle of contrarieties and incongruities, than I do in these my negative characteristics.

But, notwithstanding that my virtues and vices are thus neutralized, there are some points on which I am not quite so unfortunate; and one is, my reputation as a critic. Thus, although I have not the presumption, Mr. Editor, to vie in critical dignity with yourself, while seated, as you may be at this moment, in your chair of Aris-

tarchus, I am still allowed to have the nicest and most just discrimination of what is really excellent in an author. Hence I have never failed to appreciate and admire the sublimity of Homer, the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, and the sound sense and luminous philosophy of Bacon and Locke; not to mention a host of writers, of all nations and all ages, whose characteristic excellencies, ever since they wrote, have, it is well known, been the delight and admiration of Everybody. But, on the other hand, I have often, much to my injury, had the credit of applauding works which I never opened,—as in those instances which ‘Nobody’ has so truly particularised in your late number. Thousands of modern authors have, in this manner, been made to derive their fame from my liberality, while to have bestowed it in such cases would have proved me a mere Tyro in these matters, which, I need not affirm, Everybody is not. And I must add, that I have to charge publishers and authors themselves, with taking these unwarrantable liberties with my good name and reputation, which they do sometimes *viva voce*, and, at others, through that notorious vehicle of delusion—an advertisement. What more common than to hear or read upon these occasions, such expressions as the following:—‘Everybody reads it—Everybody talks of it—the work is in Everybody’s hands—Everybody admires it,’ while it is a matter of notoriety, that the book in question, if read at all, must have been read by—‘Nobody,’ to the justice of whose feeling lamentation on this very point I most heartily subscribe.

Among the marvellous singularities of ‘Nobody’s’ life, as recorded in your journal*, are included his immortality and his ubiquity. Now, far be it from me to set up in opposition my own pretensions on these points, especially the first, since it is well known, that Everybody must die as well as that Everybody has been born; but, on the score of ubiquity, it may appear a little remarkable, that although I occupy the whole of this immense globe, which alone could contain Everybody, I am still never the inhabitant of any particular country. For who, for instance, ever heard, that Everybody had been in England, in Italy, or in Germany? Nay, even when at the close of the late war, France became the grand focus of attraction, and when the public prints had the assurance to assert, that Every-

body was at Paris, I was no more there than I was, at the time, in Otaheite, Algiers, or among the Chickataw Indians.

Now, while I am on this point, I cannot help preferring a serious accusation against two arrant impostors, who have, from time immemorial, committed, on my credit, the most shameless forgeries on the credulity of the public. One of these fellows is an Englishman, and goes by the name of ‘All-the-World;’ and the other, who is a rascally Frenchman, is well known as Monsieur ‘Tout-le-Monde.’ It would be impossible to enumerate all the impositions these two swindlers have practised to gain a disgraceful livelihood at my expense, extorting frequently from their dupes, sums to a large amount, and yet, to the reproach of public justice be it said, hitherto with impunity. It is London and Paris that this brace of worthies have usually selected as the theatres of their exploits, and where, accordingly, you will often find, that ‘All-the-World,’ or ‘Tout-le-Monde,’ patronized such a play—applauded such an opera—was present at such an exhibition—or bought this or that newly-invented article, *et sic de similibus*; thereby insinuating, that Everybody had done all this, and so inducing the credulous and misled public to part with their wits or their money, and often with both together, on the strength of my well-known character for critical discernment, to which I have already adverted. All this, Mr. Editor, is, you will perceive, neither more nor less than a gross cheat; and I wish you would announce it as such. And in particular I wish you would warn your readers, or the public, (which is the same thing,) that when they hear of ‘All-the-World’ being at Almacks—at Lady C—’s rout,—or at the Marchioness of H—’s masquerade, they are not to infer Everybody was there, since, by so doing, I should consider myself grossly defamed. For never will it happen, I hope, that Everybody shall hold his character so lightly as to frequent such places of immorality and dissipation. And, besides, to say the truth, I cannot well see how I could be present at any of those scenes of disorder, without first undergoing the torture of the bed of Procrustes, or, to adduce a more apposite allusion, without assuming the attributes of Milton’s Devils, when assembled in Pandemonium, and when, according to the poet, they

‘Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,

Though without number, still within the hall
Of that infernal court.’

I might swell this epistle to a very inconvenient bulk, were I, Mr. Editor, to insist upon all the honourable mention that hath been made of me by the most celebrated writers, ancient as well as modern, under the various appellations which have been bestowed upon me in different countries. At one time, hath been recorded my compassion for the injured and oppressed; at another, my indignation against the tyrant and oppressor. One writer describes me as the enemy of vice; another, as the unshaken friend of virtue and morality. In a word, my character has, for the most part, been painted, though it ill becomes me to say with what justice, in the most flattering colours, and which has been the reason why so many have been, in all ages, desirous of cultivating my friendship and good opinion. And I can assure you, Mr. Editor, in conclusion, that as long as you continue to conduct your journal in the manner you now do, it cannot fail to be read and admired, as it now is, by

EVERYBODY.

MEDIA RES.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I should feel, as in duty bound, infinitely obliged to any of your classical correspondents, that would inform me, whether the following passage,—which I extract from an antiquated hebdomadal journal, published about two centuries ago by a junto of biblioplists, and entitled *Longuemanne’s Cunnyngge Adbertyzier*,—be strictly according to Hoyle. The passage occurs in the review of an ancient work, yecept *Takynge*, or the *Lyfe of a Collegianne*, whereof I have seen no other notice than in the afore-said journal.

‘There is a chaste humour,’ quoth the critic, whose language I shall take the liberty to modernize, ‘in some of the more striking sketches, which differs as much from the broad caricature as it does from the *beau ideal*; it is in *media res*, and forms almost a peculiar style, partaking intimately of the ridiculous and the natural.’

It will readily be seen, even through my modern emendations, that the reviewer hath, in his English, approached pretty near the language of the present day, which, all circumstances duly considered, cannot but be deemed marvellous; but I wish some of your erudite readers would satisfy me whether he hath been equally felicitous in

* See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 99.

his Latin. How the expression, *media res*, may have been construed when the learned writer flourished, I am not sufficiently skilled in black letter lore to determine, but I have ever understood that, in our times, as in the days of Horace, the phrase in question hath implied 'the middle or marrow of a subject,' or of any other *thing*, and not, as used by our critic, an intermediate state between two extremes. It is hardly necessary for me to refer to the well known line of Horace, in his celebrated recipe for making a genuine epic, as an authority for my opinion. If, therefore, I am wrong, I shall, at least, have the satisfaction of being wrong in the best company, So, Mr. Editor, *vive et vale!*

May 7th, 1821. RIGDUMFUNNIDOS.

FRENCH CRITICISM.

LA HARPE, who hated England and English literature, and who pretended that the language was so poor, that even the conditional tense could not be expressed without a periphrase, undertook, nevertheless, to criticize our English poets; what he made of it may be gathered by the way in which he prints his extracts:—

'Seas roll to waft me.'

* * * * *

'Feel at each thread and lives a long the line.'

* * * * *

'Be pleased with nothing, is no blessed with all?'

* * * * *

'Tis ne where to be found ot everivohere.'

We are sure our readers wish to know from what poem these extracts are taken:—from the *Essay on Man*. We need scarcely add, that M. La Harpe examines, most critically, the *beauties* of these 'extracts,' and pronounces accordingly.

Original Poetry.

FRAGMENT FROM OSSIAN, VERSIFIED.

Cuchullin having retired to rest, the ghost of Calmar appears to him; Cuchullin addresses the spirit.

'SON of the cloudy night,' began the chief,
'Why dost thou bend on me thine eyes of grief?
Ghost of the car-borne Calmar, would'st thou fright

The soul of Semo's son from Erin's fight?
Thy hand was never known in war to tire,
Nor did the words of peace thy tongue inspire.
How art thou chang'd—if this thy purpose be—
To urge the chief of Erin's race to flee.
Calmar, I never fled, I never fear'd
In war, or when the desert ghost appear'd;
Small strength or knowledge have the airy
kind—

Their hands are weak, they dwell upon the wind;

No dread of them Cuchullin's soul can feel,
His heart rejoices in the clang of steel;—
I heed thee not, retire thou to thy cave,
Thou art not Calmar's ghost, for he was brave;
His bosom glowed at battle's loud alarm,—
His eye was fire, heaven's thunder was his arm!

SAM SPRITSAIL.

TO A FRIEND,

On the Death of his Two Infant Children.

MOURN, mourn, thine offspring taken hence,
Weep o'er their vernal bier;
Tears are affection's eloquence,
To speak a loss severe.

Sooth with the kindest sweetest balm,
And best marital care,
Thy valued partner's heart, and calm
Her grief,—her anguish share.

But having wept, oh! dry again
This dew of kindred love;
Would'st call them to a world of pain,
From cherub-seats above?

With their young frames did sickness sore
A deathly contest keep;
They fell,—one gasp—and all was o'er—
For both were hushed in sleep.

Twin-stars of light! where now ye shine,
Sorrow is never found;
Ecstatic joy and bliss divine
Reign in an endless round.

Weep for this early-blighted twain,—
Affection's surest test;—
Then quickly dry the tear again;—
They are supremely blest!

L.

TO HARRIET.

AND dost thou, then, think my often-told tale
Of affection, is like a fair flower,—
Which, relentlessly torn from its dear native
vale,

Droops, withers, and fades in an hour?

Ah! believe not this bosom could ever forget
The faith thou confided to me,
Or that lingering absence could cause no regret
For the moments that keep me from thee.

Thou friends may forsake, and stern fate prove
unkind,

And the world it might slanderous prove,
Still thy tender caresses would more firmly bind
My heart and my soul unto love.

J. W., JUN.

THE CAPTIVE.

(From an unfinished Poem.)

'T WAS not the tiger-grasp of hate
That drew him from the verge of fate;
Nor the rough arm of hireling pow'r
That sav'd him in that lonely hour:
Nor was that half-suppressed shriek
The tone that from a foe would break:
Nor could the 'hush!' that reach'd his ear
Betoken aught but friendly fear.

Now all is darkness: yon black cloud
Hath wrapt the night-orn in its shroud!
And now, if aught thou hast to say,
Speak, while yet Darkness holds the sway?—
Such were the thoughts that seemed to trace
Their lines upon his anxious face:—
And lo! with breathless fearful tread,—
Like superstition o'er the dead!

That steps,—and stops—then moves with fear,
As if some demon sprite were near,—
That sentinel steals thro' the gloom,
As if he held the captive's doom;
And so the captive seem'd to feel,
As still he hoped,—yet doubted still.—
And now his burning feverish palm,
Rests on the captive's powerless arm:
Now nearer,—nearer still he seeks—
Another moment,—hark! he speaks—
Away! 'tis light! the clouds have rang'd—
The word is giv'n! the watch is chang'd!
That dastard cloud hath fled its post,
And ev'ry hope of succour's lost!

Oh Night! that, with thy shielding black,
Dost hide the stealing murderer's track,
Should'st thou not wear a deeper shade,
When injur'd virtue claims thy aid?—
And thou, fair Moon, whose silvery ray
Beam'd forth in smiles but to betray,
Why dart thy lovely lustre forth,
To rivet chains on patriot worth?
Why blight rais'd hope, and plunge in night
The ray that lent its inward light,
And pointed to a desperate chance,
The iron'd captive's anxious glance?—
Away! away! thou dost connive,
When worth desponds, and villains thrive!

See! see! how that one word hath mov'd
His thoughts, of something fear'd or lov'd;
For there are tones, once heard, will dwell
For ever in the heart's deep cell;
For years unseen, unfelt, unknown,
'Till chance shall re-produce their tone;
'Till kindred sounds the chord shall press
Which bore them to that deep recess,
And vibrate o'er their long repose,
A dreaming sense of joys or woes!—
Events of bright or clouded hue
May pass life's varying rainbow view:
From light to dark; from bliss to woe;
For ever changing as we go:
Friends may prove false; and Love a sprite,
An unsubstantial meteor light!
An urchin, with a second smile
That turns and mocks the other's guile!
States be o'erturn'd; and blood be shed;
And maniacs riot o'er the dead;
Seas may ingulph, and earth devour,—
Still o'er our souls such sounds have power!—
Queen Street, Cheapside. Y. F.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Scene—A CAVERN ON THE SEA SHORE.

Enter Alfred and Julia.

ALF. Look up my sweet—for lo! the storm
is past,

And heaven again, in all its loveliness,
Smiles on the waveless ocean. See how fair
The prospect 'pears around us—come with me,
And let us tread the beach, and search for shells
The struggling waves have cast upon the shore,
To string thy neck withal!—Why tremblest
thou?

What hast thou, love, to fear? The bird of day
On yonder hawthorn bough, swells his little
throat

In melody, to chase away thy gloom.—
Aye, now thou art a brave one, and I'll kiss
Thee for that smile—come, come,—What!
shrink from me?

What dost thou gaze at thus?

Jul. Methought I saw

Yon cloud, that hangs suspended o'er the deep,
Emit a vivid flash!

Alf. Thine eyes, my love,

Have been so used to darkness, where thou'st been

Deep buried in the cave, that 'tis their light,
Not heaven's, that flashes and deceives thee!
You shrink again—what now?

Jul. Did'st thou not hear
The distant thunder?

Alf. Thou'rt deceiv'd again!
The warring tumult of the heavens has numb'd
Thy sense of hearing, and thou think'st that
The storm—like twilight—lingers. Learn from me,

That when the brain receives a ringing sound,
'Tis there secreted for a little space,
Then, like a bubble, bursts, and we believe
The sound has twice saluted us.

Jul. Well, then,
I will forget my fears, and walk with thee,—
For I much love to wander up and down
Where curls the splashing wave upon the sand,
Clear as the pearl that's bursting from the rose,
When she her bosom bears to meet the day.
Look here what I have found?

Alf. A prettier shell
These eyes have never seen—these spots how dark—

But, oh! how pure the white ones are, my sweet!

And even as this shell is, so art thou,
When fear or anger on thy brow looks dark:
Thou art as like the first, as sea to sky—
When summer basks, and not a breath is felt
Of power enough to shake the trem'ulous aspin.
But when thou hast a smile upon thy lip,—
And oh! how lovely then those blushing cheeks—

Those eyes that are like daggers to the heart,
That in their lustre slay.—Oh! then thou dost
The white spots look most like, and make men
Forget their woes, dazzled at sight of thee!
Sigh for thy many charms—and wonder how
So much of heaven is concentrate in one!

Jul. Nay, now you flatter me.

Alf. Trust me, Julia—no;
I am thy friend, and—

Jul. Then 'tis a rhapsody.
Alf. I see that thou art merrily disposed,
And I am in a humour not to damp
The pleasure it doth give thee. O! my life,—
My earth's heaven—beautiful Julia! by Jove
I cannot, in my heat of soul, find words;
So powerless are they, that half express
The love I have for thee!—Without the sun
Would vegetation shrink before the blast,
And die as soon as born; and without thee—
Who art the nourisher of this weak plant—
Its brighter sun—should I, a desolate
Unhealthy thing—be like a rock, from whose
Bleak sides the hurricane has torn—tree, shrub,
And all that flourish'd there! You tremble still—

Why clasp me thus?

Jul. Behold yon cloud, that casts
A death-like darkness o'er the ocean's breast—
I fear the storm again is gathering there!

Alf. Fear not, my sweet, those clouds that
shift and pass
Each other now—like wand'ring men, whose ears

Have drank the honied sentences of one
Whose powerful eloquence has charm'd them into

Silent admiration—gather, as 'twere,
To ponder on the past!—But let us leave—
I see you are not well, or much in fear—
Our cavern is secure against the storm;
And day may bring us hope, as well as light—
Then cheer thee, my belov'd—come, come.

[*Exeunt.* WILFORD.]

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THERE is not, perhaps, any event in the reign of George the Third, more calculated to render it immortal, than the establishment of the Royal Academy and the remarkable progress of the fine arts in consequence. 'A nation,' says a modern writer, 'may be considered great by its achievements in arms or in commerce; but can never be said to be truly polished, till it fosters the polite arts, the acquisition of which sinks every other pursuit in comparative insignificance. They open a sixth sense upon every one who successfully cultivates them. The savage eats his food and falls a-sleep; the man of mere wealth does little more; but in those who seek pleasure in cultivating a taste for the fine arts, the pleasures of sense hold but a subordinate part.'

Before the Royal Academy was instituted, we had no native artists of celebrity either in painting or sculpture, Hogarth alone excepted in the former; indeed, some writers had very gravely asserted, that the English climate was incapable of fostering or maturing genius; no sooner, however, was the patronage of the sovereign extended to the fine arts, than a general feeling in their favour pervaded the whole kingdom: every order of the state was ready to encourage them; and the impulse thus given, produced great statesmen and great generals. When we contemplate the wretched state of the arts in England half a century ago, and contrast it with the proud pre-eminence they have now attained, we cannot but feel an increased veneration for a sovereign who, while he was the father of his people, was the foster parent of the fine arts.

We are well aware, that even the Royal Academy is not without its enemies; and that in this, as in all public institutions, there may exist some abuses. Some little favouritism, not only in accepting, but also in disposing of the pictures, is known to have been manifested. These, we confess, are blemishes which we should wish to see remedied; but, when we consider the advantages which the institution affords to the young as well as the matured artist, and the love of the arts which it has generated, and continues to create and preserve, we must be severe censors indeed, were we not to be to 'its faults a little blind.'

The fifty-third exhibition of the

Royal Academy opened on Monday last. The number of pieces in the exhibition are 1165, being upwards of ninety more than last year. Of these, 1165 are paintings, (including, however, a few medallions,) and ninety-three are sculptures. As in all former exhibitions, and as will ever be the case, where opulence is so diffusive as in England, portraits predominate. We certainly are fond of historical painting, and wish it was more encouraged, but we do not despise portrait-painting, which is another branch of the art, and which has attained such excellence in England; of which the splendid productions of a Reynolds and a Lawrence bear most ample testimony.

As this is intended as the first of a series of articles on the exhibition, we shall only take a general view of it at present, pointing out some of the most prominent subjects, and reserving detailed critical remark to our future numbers.

We may observe, that nearly the whole of British artists at all distinguished for talents, are contributors; and many promising young artists are found in the list of contributors. The President of the Royal Academy, Sir Thomas Lawrence, has eight pictures, including portraits of the Marquis of Londonderry, the Princess Charlotte, Sir Humphrey Davy, and the late President of the Royal Academy. Those of the noble Marquis and the venerable President, are almost matchless productions, and though of large size, are finished with all the delicacy of miniatures.

Sir William Beechy has a delightful portrait of a lady, in the character of Una, and four other pictures, three of which are portraits. Wilkie has only two paintings, the 'Newspapers' and 'Guess my Name,' which, though not equal to some of his former productions, are still admirable. A. E. Chalon has six pictures; one of them, the portrait of a lady, is one of the most exquisite and lovely miniatures we ever witnessed. Fuseli has three paintings, on subjects well suited to his sombre but powerful pencil. The venerable Northcote has four pictures, two of which are historical. Gaudy has sent three pictures. Howard, four; Mulready, only one; Stothard, three; and James Ward, three. Allan has only one, the 'Murder of Archbishop Sharp.' Jackson has seven pictures, among which are portraits of Miss Wilson, of Drury Lane Theatre; of

Mr. Macready, in the character of Macbeth, and of Mr. Northcote; and Phillips, has seven pictures. Several other eminent artists have contributed liberally, whose productions we shall have occasion to notice.

Mr. Bone has not less than eight enamels; among which, we observed portraits of her late Majesty, of Canova and of the Marquis of Stafford. Muss has three enamels, two of them delightful portraits of Mr. Northcote and the late President of the Academy.

In the gallery of Sculpture, Chantrey has eight pieces, including busts of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Wordsworth, and the Marquis of Londonderry. Westmacott, Turnerelli, Rossi, &c. are also contributors. With this hasty sketch we conclude, and shall resume the subject more at length in our next.

The Drama.

IN the present depressed state of the drama, when melodramas, rope-dancers, grimaciers, and every species of buffoonery, are successively but not successfully tried, we are happy to see the legitimate drama gaining an illustrious patron in the person of his present Majesty, who has again honoured the two great theatres with his presence. The visits of royalty to the theatres, have for some years been like the visits of angels, 'few and far between.' We hope, however, that as his Majesty has set the example, we shall soon revert to the example of those good old times, when the theatre was a favourite and fashionable place of amusement, and when we might frequent them without having all our 'seven senses' outraged by degrading and disgraceful exhibitions.

COVENT GARDEN. — On Monday night, his Majesty, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Clarence and Prince Leopold, visited this theatre, to witness Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, with the afterpieces of *London Stars*, and *A Rowland for an Oliver*. We are no court chroniclers, and therefore we shall pass over all the preparations made for his Majesty, only observing, that he was received with that enthusiastic joy which the presence of the sovereign never fails to excite. The comedy was admirably performed: Mrs. Davison, an old favourite, sustained the part of Miss Hardcastle with admirable spirit, feeling, and humour. Fawcett and Mrs. Davenport displayed their wonted humour in the parts of Mr. and Mrs.

Hardcastle, and Liston's Tony Lumpkin, though very different from what Goldsmith intended it, possesses so much originality and happy simplicity, that it is impossible not to be pleased with it.

DRURY LANE. — On Wednesday night, the King visited this theatre. Mr. Elliston, on being apprised of the honour intended him, had made very splendid preparations to receive his Majesty, who was accompanied by the Duke of Clarence. The entertainments were Colman's clever comedy of the *Heir at Law*, and the whimsical farce of *Modern Antiques*, which was a great favourite with his late Majesty. The comedy was admirably cast, and we should look in vain for better representatives of Dr. Pangloss, Cicely, and Ezekiel Homespun, than Harley, Miss Kelly, and Knight. In the farce, Munden's *Cockletope* was as it has always been, a master-piece of comic acting. His Majesty appeared highly pleased with it, as well as with the whole evening's amusement. The national airs of God save the King and Rule Britannia, were sung, as usual, by the whole strength of the company.

Although we would not wish to extend the penalties of Lord Ellenborough's 'cutting and maiming act' to the managers of the theatre, yet we should be happy that some means were adopted to prevent the productions of our best dramatists from the mutilations which unskilful operators are perpetually committing upon them. We have more than once had occasion to censure the conduct of the Covent Garden managers for their mangling of Shakespeare, and we have now to condemn an equally sacrilegious outrage at this theatre, on Cibber's sterling comedy of *She would and She would not*, which has been cut down to three acts, and produced under the title of the *Kind Impostor*. Now, Mr. Elliston had no necessity to do this; his comic company is excellent, and he could have played the comedy admirably; but he has done it for the sake of introducing some, though not his best operatic performers. The music is chiefly by Messrs. Horn and T. Cooke, with some selections from Mozart. The characters have been sadly mangled: Harley was stripped of all the mirth and vivacity in Trappanti; and Munden trusted more to himself than to what was 'set down for him,' in Don Manuel; Madame Vestris was graceful and lively in Hypolita, and Miss Povey, Miss Cubitt, with Mr.

Horn and Mr. T. Cooke, did their best. The comedy was received with applause, and will, no doubt, run a few nights.

Mr. Braham and Miss Wilson, who have been re-engaged, have appeared in the operas of *Love in a Village* and *Artaxerxes*, with their accustomed success.

SURREY THEATRE. — The very excellent company at this house has received an accession in Mr. Woolf, from one of the theatres royal, who has played the part of Macheath, in the *Beggar's Opera*, frequently, in the course of the week. He has a fine voice, and played with much spirit. Mr. Dibdin, taking the hint from Lord Byron, who, in the preface to his *Doge of Venice*, has called Horace Walpole's *Mysterious Mother* 'a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love play,' produced it on Thursday night, with those curtailments indispensably necessary in the present state of the drama. That it possesses great dramatic effect, every person who has read it must allow, and Mr. Huntley, Mr. Burroughs, and, in particular, Miss Taylor, exerted themselves in the principal characters with great success.

Literature and Science.

A New Diving Machine. — A new diving machine, called a dolphin, has been invented by M. F. Farkas, an Hungarian. The continental papers have described some of the advantages of the instrument, but not its construction. An experiment was made with it at Vienna, in the military swimming-school at the Prater. Count Joseph Esterhazy de Galanthy, Count Fergas de Ghymes, the acting chamberlain, Nemes Slagod, and several Englishmen and persons of distinction were present. The servant of the inventor plunged with the dolphin in twenty-four feet water, and walked upon the bottom over the whole square of the swimming-school. To prove that there could be not want of light, the inventor sent down a lantern, and when it was taken up again the light was still burning. After the man had remained one hour under water, he returned to the surface without assistance; not because he wanted air, but because all who were present were satisfied with the success of the experiment, and directed that the man might ascend.

Division of the Circle. — A curious discovery lately made in pure mathematics, we owe to M. Gauss, of Got-

tingen, who has shewn, contrary to the opinion that has prevailed from the most ancient times, that a regular polygon of seventeen sides, may be inscribed in a circle, without having recourse to any other principles than those admitted in the plane geometry.

Captain Parry's Journal of the Voyage for the Discovery of a North-west Passage, will be published on WEDNESDAY next.

The Hecla and Fury discovery ships, and the Nautilus transport (the first commanded by Captain Parry), sailed from the Nore on Tuesday morning, with a fine breeze from the S. S. W. The best wishes of their own countrymen, and of the friends of science everywhere attend them.

The Literary Fund annual commemoration took place on Thursday at the Free Mason's Tavern. Of all the institutions in the metropolis professing a benevolent object, this is the most languid. The Earl of Chichester was in the chair, and the meeting though respectable, was not sufficiently so for a country so distinguished for its literature. The company underwent the usual penance of Mr. Fitzgerald's recitation of his own bad verses, with Christian patience and resignation.

*** The full price will be given by our Publisher, for saleable copies of No. 87 of the Country Literary Chronicle. Both Editions of The Literary Chronicle becoming very scarce, regular Subscribers are advised to complete their sets without delay.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, (removed from Spring Gardens,) is NOW OPEN, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.

Admittance, One Shilling.—Catalogue, Sixpence. COPLEY FIELDING, Sec.

This day is published, 8vo., 7s. 6d.
NOTES on the CAPE of GOOD HOPE made during an Excursion in that Colony in the Year 1820.

Printed for JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

Political Economy.

In a few days will be published, in one vol. 8vo.

By Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy,
ELEMENTS of the SCIENCE of POLITICAL ECONOMY; by JAMES MILL, Esq. Author of 'History of British India.'

*** The Author's object is, to present such a view of the Evidence, and of the mutual connexion and dependance of the great Doctrines of Political Economy,—as may both give a practical command over the Principles of the Science to those who are to a certain degree already acquainted with it,—and may, also, facilitate the progress of those, who are, as yet, only entering upon this branch of knowledge.

NEW LAW BOOKS,

Published by J. and W. T. CLARKE, Law Booksellers, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

I.

New Digest to the Term Reports.

In two vols. royal 8vo. price 2l. 7s.

A DIGESTED INDEX to the TERM REPORTS, analytically arranged; containing all the Points of Law argued and determined in the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, during the Reign of George III. contained in the Reports of Anstruther, H. Blackstone, W. Blackstone, Bosanquet and Puller, Burrow, Cowper, Douglas, Durnford and East, East, Forrest, Lofft, Marshall, Maule and Selwyn, Moore, New Reports, Price, Smith, Taunton, Wightwick, Wilson. With Tables of Reference, &c. containing the substance of Seventy Volumes.

By ANTHONY HAMMOND, Esq. of the Inner Temple.

II.

In royal 8vo. price 1l. 4s.

A DIGEST of the NISI PRIUS REPORTS with Notes and References, and some Original Cases, chiefly collected in the Western Circuit. Second Edition, with very great Additions. By JAMES MANNING, Esq.

Of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law.

III.

In royal 8vo. price 12s. in boards,

A DIGESTED INDEX to the CROWN LAW; containing all the Points relating to CRIMINAL MATTERS.

By H. N. TOMLINS, Esq. of the Inner Temple.

The Second Edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged with the Cases to the present time.

IV.

In two vols. royal 8vo. price 2l. 16s. in boards, the Second Edit. with very great Additions,

A TREATISE on the PRINCIPLES and PRACTICE of the COURT of CHANCERY, under the following heads:—1. Common Law Jurisdiction of the Chancellor; 2. Equity Jurisdiction of the Chancellor; 3. Statutory Jurisdiction of the Chancellor; and, 4. Specially delegated Jurisdiction of the Chancellor.

By HENRY MADDOCK, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law.

V.

In royal 8vo. price 1l. 4s. boards,

A PRACTICAL TREATISE of POWERS. The Third Edition, with Additions.

By E. B. SUGDEN, Esq. Of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law.

VI.

This day is published, in 8vo. price 9s. boards,
A SUCCINCT VIEW of the LAW of MORTGAGES, with Select Precedents.

By E. C. WILMOT, Esq.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

VII.

In royal 8vo. price 13s. boards,

A TREATISE on the LAW RELATIVE to SALES of PERSONAL PROPERTY.

By GEORGE LONG, Esq. Barrister at Law.

Of the Parties to the Sale—Of the Manner in which a valid Sale may be made, and of Circumstances which invalidate the Sale—On the Construction of Contracts of Sale—Of Warranties—Of Sales by Auction—Of rescinding Contract—Of the Transfer of the Property in the thing sold from the Vendor to the Vendee—Of stopping in Transitu—Of Bankruptcy, as affecting the Sale of Personal Property—Of Sales and Purchases by Agents, Brokers, and Factors—Of Payments.

London: Printed for J. and W. T. CLARKE, Law Booksellers, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

This day is published, 8vo., 12s., with Engravings,

MEMOIRS of the SECRET SOCIETIES of the South of Italy, particularly the Carbonari.

Printed for JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

This day is published, 5s. 6d.

CHILDHOOD, A POEM.

By Rev. C. T. S. HORNBY, M. A.

Fellow of All Souls, Oxford.

Printed for JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

This day, 8vo., 30s., Vols. III. and IV.

HISTORICAL MEMOIRS of the ENGLISH, IRISH, and SCOTTISH CATHOLICS. By CHALES BUTLER, Esq.

Printed for JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

This day is published, 8vo., 12s.

THIRD EDITION,

ON THE PRINCIPLES of POLITICAL ECONOMY and TAXATION.

By DAVID RICARDO, Esq. M. P.

Printed for JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

On WEDNESDAY, the 16th, will be published, in 4to. with Maps, Charts, Plates, &c. £3. 13s. 6d.

JOURNAL of a VOYAGE for the DISCOVERY of a NORTH-WEST PASSAGE from the ATLANTIC to the PACIFIC, performed in the Years of 1819 and 1820, in His Majesty's Ships HECLA and GRIPER, under the Orders of

WILLIAM EDWARD PARRY, R. N.

By Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

At the same time will be published, printed uniformly, 4to. 10s. 6d.

THE NORTH GEORGIA GAZETTE and WINTER CHRONICLE, a Newspaper, that was established on board the Ships employed in the Discovery of a North-West Passage, edited

By Captain EDWARD SABINE, R. A.

Printed for JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

This day are published, by W. CLARKE, 201, Strand,

1. QUEEN MAB; a Philosophical Poem, in Nine Cantos; with Notes and Translations. Price 12s. 6d. in boards, uniform with the Author's other works.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, Author of the 'Revolt of Islam'—'The Cenci,' &c. &c.

2. ESSAYS on the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL, MIRACLES, and SUICIDE. By DAVID HUME.—Price 1s. 18mo.

3. DEFOE'S TRUEBORN ENGLISHMAN. Price 6d. 18mo.

4. KILLING NO MURDER, written by Colonel Titus, during the Protectorship of Oliver Cromwell. Price 2s. 6d.

5. The MANIA of EMIGRATING to the UNITED STATES. Price 1s.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; where advertisements are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationer's Court; Chapple, Pall Mall; Grapel, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Bowell Court, Carey Street.